

The Enterprise.

VOL. 9.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1904.

NO. 46.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.
6:02 A. M. Daily.
7:36 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.
8:38 A. M. Daily.
12:40 P. M. Daily.
5:03 P. M. Daily.
5:54 P. M. Daily.
9:12 P. M. Daily.

SOUTH.

6:45 A. M. Daily.
7:33 A. M. Daily.
12:40 P. M. Daily.
4:05 P. M. Daily.
7:03 P. M. Daily.
12:01 A. M. Daily. (Theatre train.)

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R. TIME TABLE

Leave Fifth and Market Sts., S. F.	Leave San Mateo
6:00 a. m. thereafter to	5:30 a. m. thereafter to
6:30 p. m.	8:30 a. m.
8:30	9:00
8:30	10:00
8:30	11:00
10:30	12:00
11:30	12:42 a. m.

TIME TABLE

South San Francisco R. R. & Power Co.

Leave Holy Cross	Leave Packing House
5:30 a. m. thereafter to	6:30 a. m. thereafter to
6:30 p. m.	7:30 p. m.
4:55	4:55
5:10	5:15
5:55	6:14
6:30	7:30
8:30	8:30
8:30	9:30
9:30	10:00
10:30	11:00
11:30	11:58
12:15 a. m.	12:35 a. m.

Cars pass Post Office every thirty minutes, 18 minutes before and 12 minutes after the even hours, from 5:42 a. m. to 4:42 p. m.

The last "suburban" car, leaving Fifth and Market Sts., S. F., at 11:30 p. m., connects at Holy Cross at 12:15 a. m. with last car for South San Francisco.

POST OFFICE.

Post office open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 7:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAIL ARRIVE.

	A. M.	P. M.
From the North	6:45	12:03
	—	4:05
South	—	—
MAIL CLOSES.	A. M.	P. M.
North	6:35	12:09
	—	5:24
South	6:15	3:35
	—	—
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.	—	—

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

Methodist Church. Meetings, Butchers' Hall. Sunday Services—Sunday School, 3 p. m.; Epworth League of Christian Endeavor, 6:30 p. m.; Preaching 7:30 p. m.

The pastor, Rev. W. de L. Kingsbury will be in town Tuesdays and Thursdays from 1:30 to 5 p. m. Any who may know of sick or distressed neighbors, will please leave word at the residences of Mr. Coombes, Mrs. Du Bois or Mrs. Sullivan.

Catholic Church Services will be held every Sunday at 9 o'clock a. m. at the Catholic Church.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDICIAL COURTS	
John C. H. Buck	Redwood City
TREASURER	Redwood City
C. M. Chisholm	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	Redwood City
R. M. Ferguson	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	Redwood City
J. J. Mallock	Redwood City
ASSessor	Redwood City
D. Howard	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK	Redwood City
H. W. Schaberg	Redwood City
COUNTY RECORDER	Redwood City
John F. Johnston	Redwood City
SHERIFF	Redwood City
J. H. Mansfield	Redwood City
AUDITOR	Redwood City
Barker	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	Redwood City
Miss Eta M. Milton	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	Redwood City
John Crowe	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	Redwood City
R. Gilbert	Redwood City

Want Chinese For Mayor.

Mexico City.—Wong Kim Yuen, a Chinese merchant resident at Quintaro, in the State of Tamaulipas, has refused to accept the office of Mayor of that place, although urged to do so by the principal residents of the town. He declined at first, it is said, on account of his nationality, although he is now a naturalized citizen of Mexico.

Cement Plant Ruined By Fire.
Youngstown, Ohio.—Fire destroyed the cement plant of the Struthers Furnace Company, five miles east of here, entailing a loss of \$120,000.

WEEK'S NEWS REVIEWED IN BRIEF ITEMS

Recent Important Occurrences Presented in Kaleido- scopic Array.

SUMMARY OF EVENTS OF THE WORLD

Short, Crisp, Pithy Paragraphs That Give the Happenings of the Week in a Form Appreciated By Busy Readers

STATE FAIR ENDS WITH A DEFICIT

Horsemen Left in Lurch by Lack of Funds With Which to Pay the Purse.

POOR GATE RECEIPTS THE CAUSE

Stock Premiums and Some Urgent Claims Settled Out of the State Approp- riation, But Other Cred- itors Must Wait.

MARE ISLAND MAY GET THE BIG DRY DOCK

If the Channel Can Be Deepened Structure Will Be Built on San Francisco Bay.

IS NATURAL NAVAL BASE FOR PACIFIC

Admiral Endicott Talks of Improvements —Thinks Work Under Way Will Make Depth of Channel Sufficient.

PORT ARTHUR MAY HOLD OUT TWO MONTHS

General Stoessel Continues His Stubborn Defense of the Fortress.

ATTACKING FORCES NUMBER 45,000

After Four Days of Fierce Fighting the Japanese Were Compelled to Re- tire With a Loss of Over Eight Thousand.

REFUSED TO MEET THE NEGROES

President Roosevelt Declines to Meet Party of Colored Excursionists.

Oyster Bay, N. Y.—Two negroes were drowned here while on an excursion from Brooklyn.

This was the climax to many troubles which befell the excursionists of a colored business men's association of Kings County. They came to Oyster Bay 500 strong and were indignant when they ascertained that the President would not give the slightest recognition to them. They had sent a delegation in advance to ask if the President would not receive them at Sagamore Hill. This was denied.

Then the negroes asked if the President could not informally call to see them down in the village of Oyster Bay on their picnic grounds. The President was too busy.

The leaders of the excursion party did not hesitate to say that they thought the President had slighted them. The secret service force was doubtless about Sagamore Hill while the negroes were here.

Will Pay Off the Claims.

Washington.—Venezuela is doing better than was expected in the settlement of the judgments rendered against her by the mixed commission, and, instead of taking ten years to dispose of the claims of the allied powers—Great Britain, Germany and Italy—it appears that these will now be settled in full in about two years and the claims of the non-allied powers will be discharged within four and one-half years after the allies are paid. Up to June 30th last there had been paid to the allied powers \$880,450 bolivars, and they are still to receive 10,398,688, and the non-allied powers, after that is paid, will receive 21,149,441 bolivars.

Broncho-Busting Champion.

Cheyenne, Wyo.—Harry Brennan of Sheridan, Wyo., was declared winner of the broncho riding contest for the world's championship at the Cheyenne frontier celebration. The second prize was awarded Thad Sowder of Denver, twice winner of the championship belt.

Money in Treasury.

Washington.—A statement of the Treasury balances in the general fund, exclusive of the \$150,000,000 gold reserve in the division of redemption, shows: Available cash balance \$148,022,700, gold \$49,031,931.

**good
news**

We have just received a large shipment of the famous Cyrus Noble whiskey.

This brand is the most popular American whiskey in the world.

It is a pure, old honest product.

It is distilled from selected grain.

It is a tonic and stimulant combined.

It is absolutely pure.

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice,

South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store San Mateo County that SELLS

Dry Goods and Fancy Goods,
Boots and Shoes;
Ladies' and Gent's Furnishing Goods
Crockery and Agate Ware,
Hats and Caps.

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES

Give Us a Call
and be Convinced.

Did you ever see a professional man who believed he possessed all the wisdom in town?

Served Under Cleveland.
Washington.—Kerr Craigie of North Carolina, who was Third Assistant Postmaster General during Cleveland's second term, died here last week.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

Summer girls believe in making hay while the moon shines.

Chickens that come home to roost have more sense than some people.

One touch of nature interests all men in a get-rich-quick proposition.

A girl would rather go hungry than miss an opportunity to have her fortune told.

Englishmen object to the telephone. May be they haven't the right sort of Bello girls.

The currency would have no difficulty in persuading advertisers of its circulation.

An absent-minded woman is one who forgets herself and buys things when she goes shopping.

It may be a sign of greatness to be a crank, but to be able to turn a crank is proof of power.

Every time an old bachelor hears a baby cry he takes a fresh grip on his resolution to remain single.

The reported drawing of the color flag at Yale is no part of its regularly prescribed art course, however.

An enthusiastic Washington aeronaut declares the "air ship will not down." We were under the impression that was all it would do.

Some people's ancestors were very fortunate in being in a position to come over in the Mayflower. There were no restrictive immigration laws then.

Lord Kitchener has made up his mind never to marry. In other words, he wishes American girls to understand that he doesn't need the money.

Edward Atkinson wants to know what we are to do to get cheaper fuel. One way is to save up the campaign literature and the kindling wood from the party platform.

An astronomer at the Lick Observatory has found 100 double stars. But there are many other gentlemen, not astronomers, who are prepared to prove that this isn't the record, by several.

When we read that the wife of a bishop was robbed of \$50,000 worth of jewels we are forcibly reminded that the simple life of the early Christians has been placed on the shelf with some of the older orthodox doctrines.

The minister who felt it was his bounden Christian duty to speak to the ladies of his congregation in a most confidential, heart-to-heart manner concerning their petty faults and foibles, has now had it made clear to him that he had better be listening for a call to some other pulpit. "Never be critical upon the ladies" was the maxim of an Irish peer, remarkable for his homage to the sex. "The only way that a gentleman should look at the faults of a pretty woman is—with his eyes shut."

Three thrones in Europe want boys. And if the wants aren't supplied there will be three downcast queen mothers and as many irate king fathers. It is a bit curious, the persistency girls have shown in forcing their society on the royal households of Russia and Italy, though it does accord with the general misunderstanding of the contrariness that is in human nature. Not that little girls aren't the nicest things in the world—everyone knows they are—but for dynastic purposes Italy, Russia and Holland would like boys, please.

In his recently published reminiscences of the Duke of Wellington the late Rev. G. R. Gleig recalls that that famous commander was at all times strenuously opposed to new inventions. He scorned, for example, such novelties as the Minie rifle, and good old "Brown Bess," the clumsy musket of Waterloo, was his ideal. It was with the greatest reluctance that he allowed flint and steel to give place to the percussion cap. This only an extreme instance of a feeling not uncommon among military men, nor is it unnatural. Most of the inventions that have revolutionized warfare have been due to civilians. Have they benefited the world? It is at least hard to show that they have tended to make war impossible, as was so generally held a few years ago.

The day of hoarding gold pieces in old stockings has passed. Even the remotest regions of the modern world have learned that money must pass from hand to hand if it is to do good—even if it is to increase its own value. But it is not yet so clear to women that other possessions must be passed on—not treasured in garret and storeroom. Somewhere in the world there is a "best place" for everything—from a worn-out shoe to a discarded magazine, from last winter's cloak to grand-mother's feather bed. Little indeed of this debris of ordinary life ought to find its dismal resting place under the eaves of the old house. The slum, the hospital, the lonely farmhouse, with its flock of children, the Southern mountains, with their new zeal for learning, the Salvation Army, the city mission—these are the claimants for the "cast-offs" which, left to them,

selves, would but harbor moths and breed disorder in the home. The girl who has had from a wise mother a course in "giving away" is the better housekeeper for her instruction, and more than that, she is the more sympathetic and generous neighbor and the more noble soul.

Only mother! She won't care if we leave her alone; she doesn't mind. Only mother! You wanted a tennis racket and she gave you the money that she was saving for a calico gown. But she didn't need the gown; she said so. Only mother! She hasn't had anything new this summer. But it is different with her; she is old and you are young. Of course it is natural that you should want frills and ruffles; she doesn't care for them. Only mother! She wouldn't enjoy the picnic. Besides, she hasn't time to go; there is work to be done. She told you so. Why, bless her, she had "lots" rather stay at home and finish that weeding in the garden. Didn't she say so? Only mother! Her hat is out of style, but that isn't the reason why she didn't go to church Sunday. She laughs at style and does not care if her clothes are dingy and faded. Didn't she tell you so, just Saturday. Only mother! It isn't necessary to go down again. Mother won't mind the forgotten goodnight. You would feel hurt if you were forgotten, but mothers are different somehow. They don't care about little things. And so mother sits alone. Mother goes without the calico gown. Mother does not care for ruffles. Mother enjoys weeding more than picnics. Mother loves faded gowns and old-fashioned bonnets. Mother isn't sensitive; she does not care if she is forgotten. So, too often, mother has a corner in the family, a corner all her own, and one from which she seldom moves, but from which she scatters the blessings that are hers to give. Too often, mother is "different somehow," and husband and children believe it, accept it—until she is gone. In too many homes mother is a part of, and still not of, the family circle. Strange as it may seem, sons and daughters think that mother does not feel as they do, does not care as they care, is not hurt as they are hurt. But some day when their own hairs are gray and they have sons and daughters of their own and the memory of the sweet patient face of mother comes to them across the years, then will they know that mother was not different. Then will they know that, though her lips smiled, her heart bled. That though her tongue spoke lightly her soul was filled with dread. That though the thoughtless ones believed that she did not care her heart was seamed with scars and her pillow was wet with secret weeping. Oh, remember, that mother does care. That in her love she wishes others to forget her needs, she wishes others to go, to dress, to be gay. But she cares. Mother is not different, she feels, she suffers, she can weep, she can be gay.

Peanuts and Beans as Food.
The Department of Agriculture reports most interesting experiments made by Prof. Poffa of the University of California upon men engaged in hard manual labor most of the time and students working to support themselves while pursuing their studies. The professor says: "Nuts are the cheapest source of energy, peanuts ranging far ahead." The price, 3.6 cents per 1,000 calories of energy, is at less cost than any animal food or potatoes at 90 cents a bushel. Peanuts deserve special mention because the cheapest domestic nut containing the highest percentage of protein, with maximum fuel value and minimum refuse. Ten cents, for instance, will purchase more protein and energy when spent for flour or meal, but these are raw materials, requiring considerable preparation before they are eaten. This is not necessary with fruits and nuts. Ten cents' worth of peanuts will contain about four ounces of protein and 2,767 calories of energy. Although peanuts supply protein and energy for a smaller sum than bread, they are outranked by dried beans, which, at 5 cents a pound, will supply for 10 cents over 200 grams of protein and 3,040 calories of energy. If more peanuts and dried beans were used by the fruitarians the diet would be enriched and the cost decreased. Fifteen cents a day was the average cost, with fruit, nuts, beans and a limited quantity of cottage cheese and eggs.—Outlook.

Acute Vision of Birds.
Birds have a very acute vision, perhaps the most acute of any creature, and the sense is also more widely diffused over the retina than is the case with man. Consequently a bird can see sideways as well as objects in front of it. A bird sees, showing great uneasiness in consequence, a hawk long before it is visible to man. So, too, fowls and pigeons find minute scraps of food, distinguishing them from what appear to us similar pieces of earth or gravel. Young chickens are also able to find their own food, knowing its position and how distant it is as soon as they are hatched, whereas a child only very gradually learns either to see or to understand the distance of objects. Several birds, apparently the young of all those that nest on the ground, can see quite well directly they come out of the shell, but the young birds that nest in trees or on rocks are born blind and have to be fed.

Taking a Safe Method.
"He writes that I am a cad." "Tell him you will pull his nose." "I will—where's your telephone?"—Glasgow Times.

Old saying: Those who can, do; those who can't, teach.

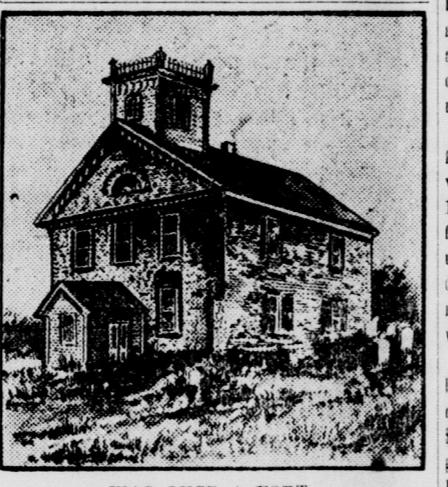
A HISTORIC CHURCH.

York State Edifice Where Settlers Sought Refuge from Savages.

The trolley cars which fly between the cities and villages of the Mohawk valley, New York, have made more convenient of access and thus opened up for more general inspection the many historic places of interest in this locality. One of those perhaps least visited and yet possessing rare points of interest is located about fifteen miles east of Utica. Where the Kayahora joins the Mohawk, between Herkimer and Little Falls, one may catch a glimpse of the old stone church of Kouari, familiarly known as Fort Herkimer Church, which was originally a stockade.

From the river side one cannot see it clearly, for it is almost hidden by tangles of wild grape. But from the highway there is nothing to obstruct the view, and it stands out conspicuously—simple, strong and impressive. In the shadow of the gray walls, where the sweet briar climbs and clings, lie tombstones whose inscriptions are almost obliterated, but among which one may decipher fragments of names which recall the personalities and the deeds of long ago, and which awaken many tender memories among the people of the valley. The churchyard is kept in good order, and among the fallen stones stand shafts of marble of modern design. Likewise there have crept into the interior of the church modern comforts. It is now a haven of peace to the villagers. In the days when the whites were few and the savages many in these parts, it was a haven of refuge for the former when they were assailed by the murderous red men.

The church looks able to weather the storms of another 100 years. Yet it is in the neighborhood of its 150th birth-



WAS ONCE A FORT.

day. It was built for the Palatines, who came to German Flats in 1722, and for whose protection Sir William Johnson erected a fort in 1756. This church was erected at the same time, and is the only one of the buildings remaining. Here was raised, in 1775, the first liberty pole ever put up in the valley. During the revolution the church was a place of refuge while Brant and the Butlers were escorting bands of scalpers through this region, killing women and children. In 1812 the old church, where Gen. Herkimer and the valiant defenders of the settlement sang songs of praise and taught their children the faith of their fathers, and which at the same time was a shelter against a dangerous foe, was transformed. The pulpit with the high sounding board was put in, and it stands to this day—unique among the platforms of the State from which the gospel is preached.

ON THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.
Monument Erected by France to Her Soldiers Who Fell There.

The field of Waterloo, where the star of Napoleon I. forever set in a night of gloom, has been variously marked with monuments by the nations whose soldiers took part in that titanic struggle. No more attractive memorial has been erected, however,



LIFE UNDER WATER.

Night in a Submarine—Distinctness of Supersurface Sounds.

Jules Verne has been vindicated. His dream ship, which for generations has been voyaging under 20,000 leagues of imaginary water, has at last become a reality—a submarine fact. It has been demonstrated to the satisfaction of the United States navy that Captain Nemo and his fabled Nautilus have been eclipsed, or, in nautical phrase, submerged by a modern submarine torpedo devil, the Fulton, which recently spent a comfortable night on the bottom of Narragansett Bay.

On the night following the speed and firing tests, it was decided that the habitability test should be made by submerging the Fulton at the bottom of the bay. This was the first test ever made under naval supervision to determine whether men can live aboard a submarine boat under water as safely as they could in a Newport villa. Cooking utensils as well as reading matter and other articles of comfort and necessity were installed on the Fulton during the afternoon, and at 10:43 that evening the boat was sunk, with nine men aboard. One of the first impressive features of the experience was the distinctness with which sound was conveyed to the party under water. In the small hours of the morning the crew were awakened by hearing what was afterward explained to have been the Fall River liner Plymouth touching at Newport en route from Fall River to New York.

Although the Plymouth did not pass within a mile of the submerged Fulton, several of the submerged party were awakened by hearing her ploughing through the water. Prior to retiring for the night the water-imprisoned company had an excellent meal, which was prepared on board, and after the boat was submerged. All the cooking as well as lighting was by electricity, and had it been necessary the boat could have been heated by the same means.

The air reservoirs were filled to their full capacity of forty cubic feet; and when the Fulton rose to the surface at 11:06 a. m., after being under water for twelve hours and twenty-three minutes, there was hardly a perceptible difference between the air of the submerged boat and that of the surface world.

As a result of these tests the naval board of inspection and survey will recommend the expenditure of the \$50,000 recently appropriated by Congress for submarine destroyers of the Fulton type. This means that the United States soon will have a flotilla of a dozen submarine devils for defensive and offensive purposes during war.

—New York Times.

MISS DAISY LEITER, Sister of Lady Curzon, Has Since Refused to Wed.

Gossip has often expressed its wonder why Miss Daisy Leiter, sister of Lady Curzon, remains single and now an interesting romance leaks out. It seems that Miss Leiter on her first trip to India, in 1900, fell in love with an aid-de-camp of her brother-in-law, Lord Curzon. Unluckily for both he

MOURN THE SILENT PIANO.

Rests in Our "Parlors" Too Often Unused by Lovers of Music.

Alfred Mosely, the Englishman who has been conducting a commission on tour of inspection of our educational system, is saying many interesting and valuable things about us. But when he points to a multitude of unused pianos in our homes and tells us we should play them more and become music-lovers it is impossible for the judicious not to pause.

Does it promote love of real music for people to bang and whang upon pianos, picking out in atrocious time atrocious tunes? Does it not rather degenerate the murderer of music and inspire all within hearing with a hatred and horror of music? Are not such performances, in fact, a continuation in the grown person of the childlike passion for beating a pan with a stick? Does not the pretense that they are evidences of musical taste merely cover what would otherwise clearly appear as childishness and barbarism?

Everyone should study the theory and the methods of music—an understanding of them broadens the mind, multiplies the enjoyments, elevates taste. But only those who can play should play—for their own sake as well as for the neighbors'. As an ornament, as an evidence of at least installment-plan prosperity, a piano can't be beat. "The piano in the laborer's cottage" justly makes every American heart thrill with pride. But is it not true of many of these altars to the god of music that they are not the less sincere or the less respected because they are silent?—Saturday Evening Post.

DENIED MAN OF HER CHOICE.

Miss Daisy Leiter, Sister of Lady Curzon, Has Since Refused to Wed.

Johnny—Pa, what is a diplomat? Pa—Well, son, it's a man who can stretch hands across the sea without putting his foot in it, too.—Exchange.

"What's he going to call it?" "Portrait of a lady." "But it doesn't look like her at all!" "Then he might call it 'Portrait of another lady.'"—Life.

"They have called two doctors in for consultation." "And do the doctors agree?" "I believe they have agreed upon the price."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Did you ever take a chance in Wall street?" "No," answered Mr. Arduc; "I put up my money several times. But I never got a chance."—Washington Star.

Young Author—When I write far into the night I find great difficulty in getting to sleep. Friend—Why don't you read over what you have written?—Princeton Tiger.

"Mamma," said little Elsie, "we have to be very saving, don't we?" "Yes, dear." "But I was just thinking, suppose we 'economize on cod-liver oil?'"—Philadelphia Press.

Friend—What are you going to do with all those presents? You have no family. Smart—Going to send 'em to my friends in St. Louis. I'm going to the exposition.—Exchange.

"And do you think," he asked, "that men progress after death?" "Well," she replied, "if they don't it would almost seem useless for some of them to die."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Brown—Don't get gay, or I'll be forced to pound a little sense into your head. Green—Huh! It would take a dozen men like you to pound any sense into my head.—Chicago News.

"What's wit, anyway?" "Well, a good many people seem to have the idea that wit is the knack of making one person uncomfortable in the presence of others."—Chicago Post.

Teacher—So I've caught you chewing gum, have I? Samny—No, num; I wasn't chewin'. I was just keepin' it there instead of in my pocket. It's so sticky.—Chicago Daily News.

"What can I do for my little boy?" asked mamma, "so that he won't have to eat between meals?" "Have the meals flicker together," replied the greedy young man.—Glasgow Evening Times.

Major (indignantly)—What do you mean, sentinel, by sleeping at your post? If the enemy should appear you would be lost. Sentinel—Don't worry, major. I haven't an enemy in the whole city.—Fliegende Blatter.

"Are there clubs for women in this town?" asked the suffragist from the East. "Certainly not," replied the gallant Westerner; "we can have women without clubs."—Chicago Evening Post.

She (bored)—No, Mr. Lytely, I can never love you. I honor and respect you. I am sure you would make some other woman a good husband. I—He—Well—er—give me a letter of recommendation to my next place.—Tribute.

Eddie—Aren't you sorry that you are an only child? Freddie—Oh, no; I don't mind it, but it's tough on pa. Eddie—How so? Freddie—Well, you see, I'm getting too big for him to have to take me to the circus, and there aren't any younger kids in the family for him to fall back on.—Brooklyn Life.

"You have been fighting again, Tommy?" "I couldn't help it, mamma. That Stapleford boy sasssed me." "That was no reason for fighting. You should have remembered that 'a soft answer turneth away wrath,' and given him a soft answer." "I did. I hit him with a chunk of mud."—Chicago Tribune.

WHY HE LIKED IT.

"Your friend looked at the lines in my palm the other evening," said Miss Elderly, "and he said it was a great pleasure to read such a hand as mine."

"Yes," assented Miss Paraffine, "George is a great hand to read ancient history."—Indianapolis Sun.



Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die.—Smart Set.

Judge—I fine you \$10. Prisoner—Don't you give any discount to regular customers?—Town Topics.

"Anything new about the war?" "An unofficial dispatch has just been confirmed."—Chicago Record-Herald.

First Moth—Have you anything on hand to-night? Second Moth—Yes, I'm invited to a camphor ball.—Philadelphia Record.

She—My face is my fortune. He (40, yet ardent)—And let me assure you, my dear, you have spent none of it.—New Yorker.

Mother—Have you taken your cold bath yet, Willie? Willie—There wasn't any cold water warm enough.—Chicago Daily News.

HOW LONG WILL SHE WITHHOLD THE SWORD?



—Chicago Inter Ocean.

SENTIMENT SHUT OUT

COEDS DO NOT EASILY FALL IN LOVE WITH STUDENTS

Marriages Between Them at Universities Are by No Means Numerous, According to Statistics—Familiarity Shows Them Each Other's Faults.

Some additional light is thrown upon the recent discovery that there are very few marriages between graduates of coeducational institutions in this State by the expression of the view of President Elmer H. Capen, of Tufts College, writes a Boston correspondent.

President Capen's facts and figures disprove the popular idea that the constant meeting of young men and women in the class room and on the campus each day for four years at co-educational colleges must lead to the formation of friendships that can end only in matrimony. Tufts College admits men and women on a footing of equality in all courses. Its official records show that the percentage of marriages among students is small.

In the five years preceding 1900 Tufts College shows only two such marriages. The reasons for this state of affairs are explained by President Capen in this way:

"The students, both men and women, have little time for sentimentalities. I cannot speak for other institutions, but at Tufts coeducation has not stimulated marriage.

"In the ten years that women have been admitted as students here there have been but two women who have married Tufts men, one of these women a graduate and the other a student who left without finishing her course.

"Women were first admitted in the fall of 1892, and the first class to graduate was that of 1896. Of this class there were seven women who received degrees, two of whom are married. Both were married a long time after graduation and to men whose acquaintance they made after leaving college.

"In 1897 five women were graduated, none of whom is married. The class of '98 had seven women, one of whom is married. Her husband is not a college man.

"In 1899 fifteen women received degrees and only two, to my knowledge, are married and neither of them to a college mate. The class of 1900, the last of which such records have been kept, graduated eighteen women, four of whom have been married, one of them to a Tufts man.

"Besides these women mentioned there have been six or seven women who have entered Tufts and dropped out before completing the course and have been married. One of these married a Tufts man.

"The numerical ratio of women in the college at the present time is about one to four. About one-half of the women students live in the college dormitories, and the other half come from their own homes daily.

"These latter naturally have their own companions, mainly from their circle of acquaintances outside of the college. We have a good deal of social life at Tufts with the fraternities and college functions, but the young men rarely go off the hill to get their young women for such occasions. Yet such social intercourse, as you see has not led to serious results.

"This small marriage ratio among the women graduates of our college is mainly due to the fact that they are here for the purpose of getting an education by which they can support themselves by teaching or various other of the learned professions. Women of this sort are not so likely to think of matrimony as those who have nothing else to do after finishing their course as students.

"The decline of marriage of college women is no more marked proportionately than among business women. Many of both classes are preferring to live on their own resources to turning to matrimony as a means of support. The woman in a coeducational

BEES ON THE FARM.

There is no reason why farmers should not handle their bees along profitable lines, even if they have but a few colonies. Bees as kept on the farm, a few colonies here and there—scattered in different localities, ordinarily do the best business, for they are not overstocked as they are frequently in large apiaries. Almost double the amount of honey can be obtained from a colony thus situated, and bee-keeping, as a rule, is much more profitable if the bees are in proper shape to do good work. The greatest mistake farmers make, is that of limiting the surplus boxes, thus not furnishing the bees with enough surplus capacity. The bees fill this limited space with honey in a few days at the beginning of the honey season and afterwards turn their attention to swarming, and several swarms will be the result instead of a large honey yield. Farmers, in connection with their other work, might as well reap hundreds of pounds of the finest honey instead of obtaining but a few pounds, if they would only give the bees plenty of storage room, and promptly take the honey away as soon as completed. The rule among small bee-keepers is to give but a small surplus capacity in the spring, and let this remain all summer to be taken off in the fall, supposing that it is an all summer's job for the bees, when in most cases this space is filled in a week or two and allowed to remain in the hive all summer, which reduces it to a poor grade of honey as well as a small amount. Hundreds of pounds of first-class honey might have been obtained by giving a larger capacity, and removing the honey as fast as stored and completed. Some localities are better than others, and some seasons are better than other seasons, but it is never a mistake any season to thus provide for the most at all times and under all conditions. By a little forethought and work on the part of the average farmer or fruit-grower, he could easily secure all the honey necessary for his own use, and some to sell also.—Barnum's Midland Farmer.

room in the flank or belly to enable the sheep to take plenty of food.—Barnum's Midland Farmer.

TONICS FOR HOGS.

It is well to keep constantly accessible to both pigs and old hogs, some material that supplies lime and salt, to aid in bone-building, as an appetizer and to remove intestinal parasites. This mixture should be kept in a strong box, protected from rain: the quantity and frequency with which pigs will visit and eat of the mixture will often be surprising. The following is a mixture we recommend:

Charcoal, one and one-half bushels. Common salt, four pounds. Hardwood ashes, ten pounds.

Slaked lime, four pounds.

Fresh water, shade in summer, grain food when on grass, and a dry bed free from dust; shelter in winter; and, above all, when confined; have the area sufficiently large so that it will not become foul with droppings and mud bugs. These are the essentials for successful hog-raising.—Barnum's Midland Farmer.

THE HIVE ENTRANCE.

Common opinion holds that the lower part of the hive is the proper place for the entrance, as it protects the brood nest and at the same time gives the bees a better chance to clean their hive of capping refuse and dead bees and to keep their house in general order. Some argue that the entrance should be near the top of the hive, thus giving the bees a short cut to the combs, but on the other hand you are giving the cold air a good chance to get to brood cluster, and this will bring about bad results. The size of the entrance should be ample and not too small. During the rush of the honey season the writer uses a space 3×3 inches and during the very warm weather raises hives $\frac{1}{4}$ inch in front by means of wedges. This allows ventilation and plenty of space for all requirements during warm spring days. When robbers are apt to cause trouble close up the entrance, allowing only about enough space for two bees to enter at once. Of course, your strong swarms will take care of themselves, but by doing this with your light ones you will save much trouble.—Ohio Farmer.

TURKEY RAISING.

"Turkey Bulletin" (No. 200) by the U. S. Department of Agriculture, contains the following general rules for selecting stock:

1st.—Always use as breeders turkey hens over one year old. Be sure they are strong, healthy and vigorous, and of good medium size. In no instance select the smaller ones. Do not strive to have them unnaturally large.

2d.—The male may be a yearling or under. Do not imagine that large, overgrown males are the best. Strength, health and vigor, well proportioned and medium size are the main points of excellence.

3d.—Avoid close breeding. New blood is of vital importance to turkeys. Better send 1000 miles for a new male than to risk the chances of inbreeding. Secure one in the fall so as to be assured of his health and vigor prior to breeding season.

Regarding the kind of hens to select, the following advice is given:

No matter what variety of turkeys may be selected for keeping, they should, above all things, be strong, vigorous, healthy and well mated, but not akin. Better secure the females from one locality and the males from another to insure their nonrelationship, rather than run the risk of inbreeding. In all fowls it is well to remember that size is influenced largely by the female, and the color and finish by the male. Securing over-large males to pair with small, weakly hens is not wise policy. A medium sized male with good, fair sized females of good constitutional vigor and mature age, will do far better than the largest with the smallest females.

WHERE THE GOOD MUTTON IS.

The part of the carcass most valuable for mutton begins at the shoulder and goes back to the hock. It is important, therefore, in every mutton sheep to have no bareness on the back and no bones protruding, and every part should indicate compactness and solidity of flesh, indicative of good chops and cuts when the animal is fed up. The most valuable part of the sheep from the butcher's point of view is the "hotel rack," as it is called, extending from the third to the twelfth rib; back of that comes the loin, which also is important from the point of the consumer, since there are found the most tender cuts of the sheep.

The leg of lamb will always be famous, so we want lots of meat on the ham, as we want lots of meat right down to the hock. The consumer is not particular about the other parts of the carcass, yet I would urge the importance of such parts as are found outside the valuable butcher's cuts, because we must have the vital parts of the animal well developed. To see the flank well developed in a carcass is not important, but we want to have good flanks in all feeding animals. If we want an animal that will lay on flesh easily, it must be one that can digest a large amount of food and assimilate it, and without good digestive organs that can not be done, therefore, we must have plenty of

FAULT-FINDER A PEST.

Writer Thinks He Should Head the List.

"Speaking of pests, I want to put the perpetual fault-finder at the top of the list," said the observant man in the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "Have you known him? Have you known the man who delighted in exposing what he conceived to be the ignorance of the other fellow, and who perpetually sought to embarrass him because of some weakness he imagined the other fellow possessed? Fault-finding is an easy task in this world of imperfections. Humanity is not perfect, nor is it perfectable, so long as men and women cling to the passions of clay. So the fault-finder has a broad and almost limitless field to play in. He may find fault at every hand."

"Now and then the faults may be the mere figments of his fancy, because he is so prone to look for the bad thing in human nature. But he will find enough to humor his whim without drawing on his fancy for material. I have often thought of this peculiar trait, and have tried to find enough charity to keep from thinking unkindly of such men. Charity is a large thing. It covers a multitude of sins. But I have never been able to spread the mantle far enough to cover the offenses of the fault-finder, and in consequence he has been forced to forgive him without ample reason."

"Whether we forgive him or not doesn't make much difference. He is a pest just the same. It would be a mistake, too, to assume that he is the wearer of a dunce cap in every case. He is often quite a resourceful man, a man of more than ordinary mental attainments and of some force. Probably he finds fault with his fellows because he is a bit suspicious of his own powers. Some men do this. They are apparently afraid of being outclassed in some way. So they fall back on the old habit of fault-finding. They begin to pick out the little things of a vulnerable character in the other man's conduct and so imagine they bolster up their own standing. Often, as strange as it may seem, they succeed in doing this very thing. Fault-finding is often a good way of advancing one's own interest, though it cannot be condemned. In speaking of fault-finding I do not mean to include legitimate criticism of men and events. I am talking about fault-finding, just plain old everyday fault-finding."

COMPLAINS OF CHEERING.

Applause Considered a Pest at the Average Ball Game.

Harvard has complained of the cheering indulged in by Princeton, and Yale has seconded her. There is no question but that at all college games there is entirely too much cheering, singing and cheering on both sides. The one idea seems to be to ridicule the oposition's pitcher or any other player who is momentarily doing the important work. But just why Princeton should be singled out as the object of attack by Harvard, herself a notorious offender, is hard to understand. It is very much the same as if two men had agreed to rob a bank, and one man having gotten the lion's share of the spoils, the less fortunate culprit becomes suddenly virtuous and turns State's evidence on his pal. In saying this we do not intend, of course, to reflect in any way on the character of either Harvard, Princeton or Yale. Their students are representative of all that is best in America youth, but the manner in which the former has started out to bring about a reform is not only silly, but wholly illogical. Cheering, as it to-day at the average college baseball game, is a pest and undoubtedly needs modification. The best statement of the case that has yet appeared, in our opinion, was in a recent issue of the Yale News. It was as follows:

"Baseball is largely a matter of nerves, and the continuous uproar of the present-day game is often sufficient to prevent the players, especially the pitcher, from doing themselves justice. It makes little difference in considering this matter, whether or not the supporters of our college makes more noise than those of another—the fact remains that Harvard, Yale or Princeton have all been guilty of this sort of cheering to a greater or less degree. In spite of this, it is acknowledged at all three universities that it is an unpleasant feature of the modern college game. It has now reached a stage where, in the interest of clean sport, definite steps should be taken to suppress it."—Sporting News.

The Sweet Girl Graduate.

Father—What is Estelle going to wear when she graduates?

Mother—Oh, just a simple white gown.

That's sensible. Women dress altogether too extravagantly, to my mind. I'd like to see a member of my family in something simple—for once!

How much will Estelle's gown cost?"

"Oh, the dressmaker says she thinks she can get up something appropriate for about \$75."—Detroit Free Press.

New Kind of Band.

Pruntytown's newly organized brass band was about to perpetrate its first open-air concert, and the various members of the aggregation were comporting themselves after the fashion of village musicians.

"Here! here!" impatiently ejaculated their director, who was a one-time brass-buster with the Greatest Show on Earth. "Quit gappin' at them girls, will yeh? Wad do youse guys t'ink dis is, anyhow—a rubber-band?"

Fur Comes High.

The most expensive fur is that of the black fox of Kamchatka, the skin of which, when dressed, becomes a very attractive blue. A single skin is worth as much as \$1,000.



A fig split open makes good poultice for a boil. It is especially useful for a gumboil. A split raisin is also good.

Lemon syrup, made by baking a lemon twenty minutes and then squeezing the juice upon half a cupful of sugar, is excellent for hoarseness and to break up a cold.

Toothache Remedy—Fill a small cup with boiling vinegar; dip a piece of cotton wool into the vinegar and rub the gum; let the vinegar be as hot as you can endure; stop the aching tooth with some wool; in five minutes the pain will have ceased. Sometimes, however, two applications must be made.

For nose bleed, there is an old-fashioned remedy which we can thoroughly recommend, says Medical Talk. The juice of one or two lemons is to be stirred up into the nose with a good rubber syringe. It should be applied to the side of the nose from which the blood appears. This is almost certain to stop nose bleed. If it does not do so, packing the nose with cotton soaked with lemon juice is to be thought of.

Cure for Influenza.—Influenza is met with at all seasons of the year. In fact, it sometimes makes its presence more than felt during the months of warm weather. It is not generally known that equal parts of new milk and lime water constitute one of the best cures for influenza (surpassing whisky, which is so much used), and in cases where there is fever the whites of a raw egg will not only strengthen the patient, but will sooth the pain. Do not give the gooks, as that would increase the fever.

A medical authority has recently uttered a warning against the habit of sitting with one knee crossed over the other—a pose which is nowadays almost as common among women as among men. This apparently harmless habit, it seems, is likely to cause sciatica, lameness, chronic numbness, ascending paralysis, cramps, varicose veins, and other evils. The reason is simple: The back of the knee, it is explained, as well as the front of the elbow and wrist, the groin and the armpit, contains nerves and blood vessels which are less adequately protected than in other parts of the body. The space behind the knee contains two large nerves, a large artery, and numerous veins and lymphatic glands. It is the pressure on these nerves and vessels which is apt to give rise to the various troubles against which we are warned.

THE MYSTERIES OF SCIENCE.



Miss Gads—I can't understand about this wireless telegraphy.

Miss Ranchleigh—Why, it's plain as day; they just send the messages through the air instead of over wires.

"Miss Gads—I know that, but how do they fasten the air to the poles?"

Repartee at the Stock Yards.

Robert G. Cousins, Congressman from Iowa, met a man from Chicago and asked concerning affairs in the Windy City.

"Nothing new, same old story—strike—this time at the stock yards."

"The stock yards?" and the Congressman became reminiscent. "That recalls a story told about one of the foremen in one of the canning departments. A youth was greatly addicted to saying 'can't' when work of a slightly difficult nature was desired."

"Oh, I know I am going to the dogs fast enough," said the young man to his exasperated foreman one day.

"And before going you should take a few lessons from the goats," added the foreman. "There is no such thing as 'can't' about a goat, it's all 'can'."

Strange.

Some people claim the owl is wise. If that were really true,

It would exclaim: "To whit, to whom?"

And not: "To whit, to who?"—Philadelphia Press.

To be a thoroughbred means, often, that you pay without a tremor for cut glass for a friend, though you know it will pinch you for months to come.

Obscurity is the abiding place of the husband of a prominent woman.

THE ENTERPRISE

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop

Entered at the Postoffice at South San Fran
isco, Cal., as second class matter, December
9th, 1895.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One Year, in advance \$1.50
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1904.



FOR PRESIDENT

Theodore Roosevelt
OF NEW YORK

FOR VICE PRESIDENT

Charles W. Fairbanks
OF INDIANA

DON'T YOU FORGET IT.

The Republican tariff is protective. It protects the workingman's wages by protecting the product of his labor. The highest wages in the world are paid to our American wage workers. This is due to the protective tariff and the protective tariff is due to the Republican party. Workingmen will not forget this vital fact in November.

REMEMBER.

Speaking of hard times we have only to go back to the Cleveland administration. The Tariff smashing bill knocked business skyward. Mills closed. Only a portion of the people found employment. Prices went down. Of course they did, for who was there to purchase? Does not every one remember the free soup houses for the starving multitudes who could not get employment? What was the use of the butcher shop advertising meats at a reduced price when the laborer without work did not have the price. It was tantalizing for him to be told that he could purchase a loaf of bread for a cent or two less than in good times, for in good times he would have had five cents in his pocket to pay for a loaf, but now if the bread were selling for a penny he could not procure it. That is what the workingman must understand. If they all are at work at a fair wage they have the price of bread and meat in their pockets, and if the price is higher than in trouble-some times they should remember that it is the farmer who is prospering with them, and the farm and the mill are necessary to each other if there is to be general prosperity.—Lawrence (Mass.) American.

POLITICAL PARAGRAPHS.

There is no prospect that the number of living ex-Presidents will be increased for at least another four years.

Just now the Democrats are all eager to show how easy it is going to be to carry every state but the one in which they live.

Judge Parker is perfectly safe in declaring for one term. Experience has taught the American people that one Democratic administration is all they can ever afford, without going into bankruptcy proceedings.

The Republican party will make no claims of credit for the splendid crops which are about to be harvested, but the Republican party has made possible the splendid price which the farmers will get for their products.

In 1896, after two years of free trade, the amount of liabilities of business concerns failing that year was two hundred and twenty-six million dollars. The average under the operation of the Dingley tariff has been a little over a hundred million.

What is the explanation of the Democratic calamity howler of the fact that when there was no "robber tariff" the savings bank deposits fell in this country from \$1,785,150,957 in 1893 to \$1,747,936,230 in 1894, whereas under the "robber tariff" they have risen to more than \$3,000,000,000 now? If the people are getting poorer and poorer because they have to pay more for their cost of living than they have been able to increase their earnings, how were the savings bank depositors of New York alone able to increase their deposits by \$55,000,000 MORE on June 30, 1904, than they were on June 30, 1903?

How is it that there are in New York and New England today MORE savings bank deposits (about two billions) than there were IN THE WHOLE COUNTRY in 1894 (one and three-quarters billions)?

LITERARY NOTE.

The California Review for August is a souvenir number of San Francisco. The numerous illustrations of the metropolis of the Pacific makes it valuable to preserve for future reference and appropriate to send to Eastern friends or relatives. The sketch on Joaquin Miller, the Poet of the Sierras, with his latest photo, and the ar-

R. H. JURY.

Respectfully announces himself as a candidate for the nomination for

Assemblyman
From San Mateo County

Subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention.

THE GENIUS OF THE LAMP.

The title of "The Sultan of Sulu" has a comic opera sound which, a writer in Everybody's Magazine declares, is carried out by the appearance and behavior of this Oriental potentate. The sultan and his suite were once entertained at luncheon on board a United States transport. None of them had ever been on board a large vessel before. The visit was full of surprise and excitement for them.

They looked the ship over at first with stolid interest, and the sultan himself set off the six-pounder without flickering an eyelid. But at last, in the saloon, some one attempted to explain the mystery of the incandescent lamps, and there the natives were surprised out of their reserve.

Even the sultan's face showed amazement when an army officer reached up and turned a lamp on and off repeatedly. His highness ordered one of his suite to do it. The fellow's face went greenish for a moment, but, nevertheless, he reached up tremblingly and touched it as he might have a hot brand. When he found that it did not hurt him, and that the light actually obeyed the impulse of his finger-tips, he was the most excited Moor in the archipelago. His excitement was contagious. Nearly every one in the suite started for a lamp on his own account, and the cabin was a bewilderment of flashing lamps.

Presently Oriental cunning got the better of amazement, and one or two of them tried to fool the lamps. A fellow would steal quietly up to a bulb and reaching forward, suddenly turn it on, evidently with the intention of catching it napping. Or he would turn it off and jump away, apparently with the same intention. But the lamps refused to be fooled, and the facial expression that followed each failure was ludicrous to behold.

Of course they wanted to know what made the light. It was impossible to give them a history of electrical development, but an officer present thought of giving an object-lesson that would prove a short cut to knowledge. He directed four or five of them to stand in line, holding hands. Then the men on the ends of the line were told each to grasp the brass part of a lamp. They did so, and instantly the entire line sustained an electric shock. They were too astonished to speak, and not knowing enough to let go, they just stood there, with wonder and fear surging from face to face.

The officers broke them apart at last and took them in to luncheon, but they were changed men. They had had an experience that passed all Oriental understanding.

The luncheon was a more or less dignified affair, varied by interpreted compliments and the agonies of the sultan's official taster. It was easy to see that although the taster was an habitual necessity to the sultan's peace of mind, on this occasion, at least, his function was purely perfumery. Of what avail was the protection of a poor human taster against magicians who could make lamps to burn without oil, who could send the genii of unrest to twitch in one's body like the fever?

A DIFFICULT FEAT.

This sport is lots of fun for the players, and still more for the spectators, and a thick rug will remove all danger of bumps or bruises. Over the rug old newspapers should be spread to catch candle grease.

The players kneel on their left knees, facing each other, on the papers. Each holds his right foot in his right hand, and a candle, in a holder, in his left hand.

One candle is burning, the other is not, and the trick is to light the second candle from the first.

It does not look easy, and it is a great deal more difficult than it looks. It is pretty hard to keep your bal-

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.

An equable and healthful climate. The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workmen may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

RULE FOR PAYMENT OF WATER RATES.

IT WILL BE ENFORCED.

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company has directed the local collector to give notice of and rigidly enforce its rules for the payment of the water rates in this town. The September water rate must be paid on or before the last day of September. If not paid the water will in every instance be shut off on the 1st day of October and it will cost one dollar extra in every instance to have the water again turned on. This rule will apply to every month in the year; that is to say, the water rate MUST be paid within or before the end of the current month. No exceptions will be made and this rule will be rigidly enforced.

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PLAYING OF DIXIE DISASTROUS.

A distinguished retired general of the regular army, whose civil war service was brilliant, was seated on the lawn in front of his home the other evening in conversation with a crony, when an Italian with a street piano stopped in front of the house. Before half of the first measure of "Dixie" had been played the retired general rose from his bench, and without a word to his crony walked into his house. The crony asked an explanation of his apparent prejudice.

"When General Kilpatrick was operating down around Macon, tearing up railroads and such like," replied the general, "I was with him. I had charge of destroying the tracks. The Johnnies were in front of us, in plain sight, but they didn't bother us any. They contented themselves with pulling up the rails and ties.

"I'll tell you what you do," General Kilpatrick said to me. "The boys always work faster and with a better will when there's music around. You take one of the mounted bands down to where the gang's working and give 'em some music."

"So I took a mounted band to the point which we had reached in the tearing up of the railroad and told the leader to go ahead and pump some of the patriotic airs.

"The music had the effect General Kilpatrick had predicted. The boys did twice as much work under the inspiring strains of 'Hail, Columbia,' 'The Star Spangled Banner,' 'My Country,' and so on, and the Johnnies in front of us had to fall back a good deal more rapidly than they had before the enthusiasm of the boys had been kindled by the band music.

"When the band had run out of patriotic airs the leader approached me and asked for suggestions as to what the musicians should play then.

"'Well,' I said to the leader, 'those poor devils of rebels in front of us have behaved pretty well. They haven't even turned their sharpshooters loose upon us. They ought to be rewarded. Suppose you just give them 'Dixie' for luck.'

"'Well,' went on the veteran, "the band hadn't wrung out more than six bars of that 'Dixie' tune before our ears were numbed by the confounded rebel yell you ever listened to in all your born days, and inside of two minutes those Johnnies in front of us were on top of us and trouncing the life out of us."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

CURIOSITY ORNAMENT OF COINS.
The fruits of twenty-five years of labor and saving are visible in a curious vase made by Edward Rausch. The vase is over five feet high and thirty-two inches at its largest diameter. Its exterior, from top to bottom, is composed of coins, ancient and modern, great and small, representing the money tokens of all peoples, which have been carefully made fast to a surface of copper. Some of the coins are extremely rare. Among them are crude bars, rings and bolts which were once used as the medium of exchange by African and other savage tribes. Spanish coins of early date are seen in abundance, and some early Greek coins are there. Sicilian spoon money, early Japanese bars and forks. African horseshoes, shell money of sea-coast savages, as well as the most modern coins, are to be seen.

The value of the vase Mr. Rausch places at \$75,000. Its maker is a cobbler, and by birth a German. He says the vase is the only one of its kind in the world. He began to collect the coins in 1879, and, though not possessed of wealth and dependent for his living on his daily toll, he collected so rapidly that he soon conceived the idea of making the vase. He found, however, that what looked like an immense pile of coins when loose covered only a small patch on the vase, and then he devoted his life to filling the article.—Philadelphia Record.

In a year nearly 100,000 persons traverse the forty-seven miles of railway across the isthmus.



THE ACT OF BALANCING.

on one knee, especially the left knee, and it is hard for many people to do anything requiring exactness or delicacy with the left hand.

You are very likely to topple over sideways, and will have to let your right foot, and perhaps even the candle, go and catch yourself as best you can.

Now I would not describe this trick if it were absolutely necessary to use a lighted candle, spill grease about, and possibly burn yourself or set fire to your clothes or the house. The trick will be safer, though just as difficult and amusing, if other things are substituted for the candles.

For example, one boy may try to hand a letter or a card to the other. This is comparatively easy. When you have mastered it, try exchanging cards, which you may find very difficult.

Or one boy may try to slip a ring—a very loose one, of course—on the other's finger, or to write on a card held in the other's hand.

Every one seems to be going through the world compelled to see a good deal of the society of those he doesn't enjoy.

CAVALRYMEN WHO RIDE OXEN.

The oddest cavalry in the world is maintained on the west coast of Madagascar by Governor General J. G. Galieni. While the French troops in that country are ample to meet the occasional revolutions, the governor general makes use of the native talent for police work in out of the way localities. On the west coast of Africa is a tribe of natives, possibly racially connected with the Hovas, who are known as the Sakahova, the most warlike tribe of the country. The natives, in imitation of French troopers, organized an oxen cavalry corps, under command of a French officer. They are armed with modern long-handled lances or spears and side arms.

ABOUT FIRE INSURANCE

IMPORTANT TO POLICY HOLDERS

Read Carefully, then Cut Out and Paste on the Back of Your Fire Insurance Policy.

AT AND AFTER A FIRE.

Instruct the insured:

To save all he can.

To care for, clean up, dry out and air the saved property.

To keep an account of all expenses incurred in caring for saved property, and charge to the loss.

To keep open and continue business as if there were no insurance; he must not close his doors and wait for an adjuster.

That the Insurance Company will not take care of or take possession of his premises or of his saved property.

That any loss caused by his negligence to protect and care for his property at or after a fire is not covered by the insurance contract; and

That all of the value of the property saved belongs to the insured, and all of the loss and loss expenses thereon up to the face of the policy is chargeable to the insurance.

Many small companies have been weakened by the Baltimore fire.

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I represent strong companies only.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Agent.



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ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

Ladies and Children Free.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,

OPEN THE DOOR.

Open the door, let in the air;
The winds are sweet, and the flowers are
fair.
Joy is abroad in the world to-day;
If our door is wide it may come this way.
Open the door!

Open the door, let in the sun;
He hath a smile for every one;
He hath made of the raindrops golden
gems;
He may change our tears to diadems.
Open the door!

Open the door of the soul; let in
Strong, pure thoughts which shall banish
sin;
They shall grow and bloom with a grace
divine
And their fruit shall be sweeter than that
of the vine.
Open the door!

Open the door of the heart; let in
Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin.
It will make the halls of the heart so fair
That angels may enter unaware.
Open the door!

—British Weekly.

Breaking It Gently

THE messenger boy waited while Jack Powers wrote his answer to Her note. She might have telephoned, but it was Her way to send messengers with her missives. "Very well, Kathleen," wrote Jack. "I'll be there. You say for the last time. I wonder why?"

He sent a boy with this note and an order on a florist for a box of violets, as the message's accompaniment, and then he turned to his work again.

But his eyes failed to do more than stare at the figures before him. His brain could not grasp their meaning. Kathleen's face persisted in dancing about the inkwell, in a two-step that played havoc with Business.

"I'm a beastly cad," cogitated Jack. "and that's what. But it must be done. For the last time, she said. Perhaps she's heard. It would help things a lot if she had."

He looked meditatively at a photograph which he fished from a dark pigeonhole in his desk.

"She's a mighty nice little thing," he said to himself, "but—"

And then he took another photograph from an inner pocket of his coat and kissed it tenderly.

• * * * *
"Violets!" Kathleen buried her nose in the purple fragrance and sniffed with satisfaction.

"Jack always sends violets," she said, to no one in particular, though her maid sat near by sewing some lace on the dinner frock her mistress had bade her lay out for her to wear.

Kathleen looked gloomily upon a tall vase of long-stemmed American Beauties that stood on the table.

"That's the difference in men. Lawrence sends big Beauties, because they cost money, and Jack sends violets because they're my favorite flower. Poor Jack! How can I break his heart—for I suppose it will. You say for the last time. I wonder why? Hoigho! We must take our medicine, Marie. Because I prefer millions to love in a cottage—that's why. Hurry with the waist, Marie; I must not be late at my last dinner with Jack."

• * * * *
"No, I didn't think we needed a chaperon to-night, Jack."

"Why not to-night?"

"Because, well—"

"Life is too short to quarrel. Life is too short to sigh—"

"I'll tell you by and by, Jack—after the fish, perhaps."

"I, too, have something to tell you, Kathleen."

For the space of ten minutes, while the guroun placed the soup before them, Jack felt uncomfortable. Everybody hates to attack a disagreeable duty. When the duty involves a pretty woman, it is doubly distasteful. However, he took a surreptitious peep at the photograph in his breast pocket, and it nerved him to his task. Nevertheless, there was no hurry about it.

"Isn't there was no hurry about it, Kathleen?"

In her diplomatic, feminine way she had wished to lead up to the subject she had come to discuss.

"Of course it is," he answered, "when champagne—if one has enough of it—will do the same thing."

"Salmon—oh, Jack, do you remember how we trolled for salmon at Del Monte last summer?"

Did he remember? He had to pat the photograph in his pocket to forget.

"I read the other day," Kathleen was saying, "that a girl who couldn't make up her mind between two lovers hasn't a mind worth making up."

She looked at him from the corners of her eyes.

Jack's face lighted up. She knew, then, and that was the meaning of her desire for a farewell dinner. How easy it would be now to explain.

But Kathleen was not waiting for an answer.

"They say there's no skill in winning a game where one holds all the trumps. But in the game of hearts, Jack, suppose one held just two. Don't you think it would be hard to know which to discard?"

Bravo! thought Jack. What a clever little diplomat Kathleen is!

But she veered to the other side.

"Isn't it nice, Jack, just we two sitting here like this?" oh, so tenderly.

"Isn't it like old times?"

He really couldn't help it—one little kiss was nothing.

There was a pause of some minutes, and then Kathleen sprang to her feet.

ANOTHER SUMMER SPASM.



—Cincinnati Post.

"Don't, Jack, or I won't be able to brace myself to the ordeal. Don't look like that."

He put his hand in his coat pocket. Yes, the photograph was there. Had he been untrue to Her?

"I'm engaged—engaged, Jack," said Kathleen, excitedly. "I'm going to marry Lawrence Smith, the millionaire. Oh, Jack, I never really thought you cared—why didn't you ask me years ago—when I was a bud. It's too late now—too late. It's going to be a grand church wedding. He wanted it to be a quiet affair, but I—"

"Thought it would be the last quiet day he'd have, no doubt."

"Why, Jack, I never knew you to make such a wretched joke before. High noon—at St. Luke's—June 8. You'll be there?"

"I'm afraid not, Kathleen—I—"

"Oh, we can still be friends. This is the twentieth century, you know, and jealousy is out of date."

"I know, but—"

"Oh, say we can be friends still, Jack. I never could bear these stuffy little apartments, the modern love in a cottage. It's much better this way, dear."

"I know, Kathleen. But—"

"Oh, don't think I meant anything horrid. I'm not that kind of a woman, Jack. But Lawrence likes you—I think he wants you to be best man. Will you be there?"

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SKIN DISEASES

Altoona, Pa., June 20, 1903.

I was afflicted with Tetter in bad shape. It would appear in blotches as large as my hand, a yellowish color, and scale off. You can imagine how offensive it was. For twelve years I was afflicted with this trouble. At night it was a case of scratch and many times no rest at all. Seeing the good the medicine was doing a friend who was taking it for Eczema, I commenced it, and as a result the eruption began to dry up and disappear, and to-day I am practically a well man. Only two tiny spots are left on the elbow and shin, where once the whole body was affected. I have every confidence in the medicine, and feel sure that in a short time these two remaining spots will disappear. S. S. is certainly a great blood purifier, and has done me a world of good. I am grateful for what it has accomplished, and trust that what I have said will lead others who are similarly afflicted to take the remedy and obtain the same good results that I have.

125 East Fifth Ave. JOHN F. LEAR.

While washes, soaps, salves and powders relieve temporarily, they do not reach the real cause of the disease. The blood must be purified before the cure is permanent. S. S. contains no potash, arsenic or mineral of any description, but is guaranteed purely vegetable.

Send for our book on the skin and its diseases, which is mailed free. Our physicians will cheerfully advise without charge any who write us about their case.

SSS

The Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

One More Crash to Come.

"A traveling man stopped at a hotel at Monticello. The proprietor told him he could not lodge him—not a room in the house," said a commercial traveler. "The traveling man protested. He must have a room. Finally the proprietor told him there was a room, a little room separated by a thin partition from a nervous man who had lived in the house for ten years.

"He is so nervous," said the landlord, "I don't dare put anyone in that room. The least noise might give him a nervous spell that would endanger his life."

"Oh, give me a room," said the traveler. "I'll be so quiet he'll know I'm there."

"Well, the room was given the traveler. He slipped in noiselessly and began to disrobe. He took off one article of clothing after another as quietly as a burglar. At last he came to his shoes. He unlaced a shoe and then, manlike, dropped it.

"The shoe fell to the floor with a great noise. The offending traveler, horrified at what he had done, waited to hear from the nervous man. Not a sound. He took off the second shoe and placed it noiselessly upon the floor. Then in absolute silence he finished undressing and crawled between the sheets.

"Half an hour went by. He had dropped into a dose when there came a tremendous knocking on the partition. The traveler sat up in bed, trembling and dismayed. 'Wha—wha—what's the matter?' he asked. Then came the voice of the nervous man:

"Blame you! Drop that other shoe!"—Indianapolis News.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheneys for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation he may have.

W. R. & T. A. Wholesome Drugists, Toledo, O. W. ALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Drugists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free.

Price, 50c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A skilled hypocrite can deceive some very shrewd people—we have seen it done.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Nature abhors a "big head," and sooner or later will remove it.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'BRIEN, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 3, 1900.

Incontestable Proof.

Insurance Agent—What are the proofs of your husband's death, madam?

The Widow—Well, he has been home for the last three nights.—Smart Set.

Ayer's

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral quiets tickling throats, hacking coughs, pain in the lungs. It relieves congestion, sub-

Cherry Pectoral

dues inflammation. It heals, strengthens. Your doctor will explain this to you. He knows all about this cough medicine.

We have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in our family for 25 years for throat and lung troubles, and we think no medicine equals it.

MRS. A. POMEROY, Appleton, Minn.

25c. 50c. \$1.00.

J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

All druggists.

for

Weak Throats

Ayer's Pills greatly aid recovery.

Purely vegetable, gently laxative.

OLD FAVORITES

The Green Isle of Lovers.

They say that, afar in the land of the west,

Where the bright golden sun sinks in glory to rest,

Mid ferns where the hunter ne'er ventured to tread,

A fair lake unruffled and sparkling is spread;

Where, lost in his course, the rapt Indian discovers,

In distance seen dimly, the Green Isle of Lovers.

There verdure fades never; immortal in bloom,

Soft waves the magnolia its groves of perfume;

And low bends the branch with rich fruitage depressed,

All glowing like gems in the crowns of the blest;

There the bright eye of Nature in mild glory hovers;

'Tis the land of the sunbeam—the Green Isle of Lovers;

Sweet strains wildly float on the breezes that kiss

The calm-flowing lake round that region of bliss,

Where, wreathing their garlands of amaranth, fair choirs

Glad measures still weave to the sound that inspires

The dance and the revel, 'mid forests that cover

On high with their shade the Green Isle of the Lover.

But fierce as the snake, with his eyeballs of fire,

When his scales are all brilliant and glowing with ire,

Are the warriors to all save the maids of their Isle,

Whose law is their will, and whose life is their smile;

From beauty there valor and strength are not ravers,

And peace reigns supreme in the Green Isle of Lovers.

And he who has sought to set foot on its shore,

In mazes perplexed, has beheld it no more;

It fleets on the vision, deluding the view, its banks still retire as the hunters pursue;

Oh, who in this vain world of woe shall discover

The home undisturbed, the Green Isle of the Lover!

—Robert Charles Sands.

Grace Before Meat.

Some have meat, and canna eat,

And some wad eat that want it;

But we haue meat, and we can eat,

And see the Lord be thankit.

—Robert Burns.

NICHOLAS I. OF RUSSIA.

Great Man Scared Out of Greatness by Specter of French Revolution.

In reviewing this, first of my sojourns in Russia, my thoughts naturally dwell upon the two sovereigns—Nicholas I. and Alexander II. The first of these was a great man scared out of greatness by the ever-recurring specter of the French Revolution. There has been much to make him a stern reactionary. He could not but remember that two Czars, his father and grandfather, had both been murdered in obedience to family necessities. At his proclamation as emperor he had been welcomed by a revolt which had forced him

To wade through slaughter to a throne—a revolt which had deluged the great parade ground of St. Petersburg with the blood of his best soldiers, which had sent many of the nobility to Siberia, and which had obliged him to see the bodies of several men who might have made his reign illustrious dangling from the fortress walls opposite the winter palace. He had been obliged to grapple with a fearful insurrection in Poland, caused partly by the brutality of his satraps, but mainly by religious hatreds, to suppress it with enormous carnage, and to substitute a cruel despotism for the moderate constitutional liberty which his brother had granted. He had thus become the fanatical apostle of reaction throughout Europe, and as such was everywhere the implacable enemy of any evolution of liberty. The despots of Europe adored him. As symbols of his ideals he had given to the King of Prussia and to the Neapolitan Bourbons copies of two of the statues which adorned his Nevsky bridge—statues representing restive horses restrained by strong men; and the Berlin populace, with unerring instinct had given to one of these the name of "Progress Checked" and to the other the name "Retrogression Encouraged." To this day one sees everywhere in the palaces of continental rulers, whether great or petty, his columns of Siberian porphyry, bowls of jasper or vases of malachite—signs of his approval of reaction. But, in justice to him, it should be said that there was one crime he did not commit—a crime, indeed, which he did not dare commit; he did not violate his oath to maintain the liberties of Finland. That was reserved for the second Nicholas, now on the Russian throne.

Whether at the great assemblages of the winter palace, or at the reviews, or simply driving in his sledge, or walking in the street, he overawed all men by his presence: whenever I saw him, and never more cogently than during that last drive of his just before his death, there was forced to my lips the thought, "You are the most majestic being ever created." Colossal in stature, with a face such as one finds on a Greek coin, but overcast with a shad-

ow of Muscovite melancholy, with a bearing dignified, but with a manner not unkind, he bore himself like a god. And yet no man could be more simple or affable, whether in his palace or in the street. Those were the days when Russian Czar could drive or walk alone in every part of every city in his empire. He frequently took his exercise in walking along the Neva quay, and enjoyed talking with any friends he met, especially with members of the diplomatic corps.—Century.

CHINA'S EMPRESS DOWAGER.

Tsi An the Great, the Most Despotic Woman Ruler of All History.

When the time came for adieus, her Majesty mingled with her guests, the Emperor following closely; and as Mrs. Conger got beyond me I stepped aside for royalty. Imagine my astonishment when the Empress Dowager turned, took me by both hands, stroked my arm and inquired how I liked China and how long I would remain, concluding by asking me to come and see her again when I returned to visit Mrs. Conger! I did not lose my equanimity, but studied this most remarkable woman at closest range.

Could she of dignified mien, deep-set unflinching eyes, rare smile and melodious voice be the most despotic female sovereign in the history of the world? Has she two distinctly opposite natures? Is this the secret of her marvelous power? Born in obscurity, the daughter of a minor officer, a favorite concubine of the harem, young and inexperienced, she reached the pinnacle of authority by incredible ability, shrewdness and daring. Through all the intrigues of the Chinese court since she first usurped the throne, she has borne a charmed life, and her enemies have arisen only to disappear with terrible swiftness, while her autocracy remains unchallenged. With relentless will she has stripped the Emperor of the last vestige of the legitimate authority which for a brief period he had exercised under the wise guidance of Kang Ku Wei, absolutely controlling his every word and act, as well as the earthly destiny of 400,000,000 of subjects.

And this most fascinating hostess, urging us to "stay longer" and "come again," annihilating conventionality and precedent, was Tsi An the Great, woman ruler in this land of Confucius, where to be a woman, according to the philosophy of the Great Sage, is to be despised among men!—Minnie Norton Wood, in the Century.

WONDERFUL NATURAL BRIDGE.

Solid Arch Over Three Hundred Feet Wide Spanning a Utah Canyon.

Here, across a canyon measuring three hundred and thirty-five feet seven inches from wall to wall, nature has thrown a splendid arch of solid sandstone sixty feet thick in the central part and forty feet wide, leaving underneath it a clear opening three hundred and fifty-seven feet in perpendicular height. The lateral walls of the arch rise perpendicularly nearly to the top of the bridge, when they flare suddenly outward, giving the effect of an immense coping or cornice overhanging the main structure fifteen or twenty feet on each side, and extending with the greatest regularity and symmetry the whole length of the bridge. A large rounded butte at the edge of the canyon wall seems partly to obstruct the approach to the bridge at one end.

The majestic proportions of this bridge may be partly realized by a few comparisons. Thus its height is more than twice and its span more than three times as great as those of the famous natural bridge of Virginia. Its buttresses are one hundred and eighteen feet farther apart than those of the celebrated masonry arch in the District of Columbia, known as Cabin John Bridge, a few miles from Washington City, which has the greatest span of any masonry bridge on this continent. This bridge would overspan the Capitol at Washington and clear the top of the dome by fifty-one feet. And if the loftiest tree in the California Grove of giant sequoia in California stood in the bottom of the canyon, its topmost bough would lack thirty-two feet of reaching the under side of the arch.

This bridge is of white or very light sandstone, and, as in the case of the Caroline, filaments of green and orange-tinted lichens run here and there over the mighty buttresses and along the sheltered crevices under the lofty cornice, giving warmth and color to the wonderful picture.—Century.

Colors that Are Not Easy to See.

What color is least easily seen at a distance? One would naturally say, some dull neutral tint, a somber gray or brown. This has been the conclusion of most military men, and our brilliant dress uniforms have given way for practical campaigning to khaki and other dull colors. Is this a mistake? Possibly so, according to the results obtained in recent experiments in England. It has been found there that masses of dull color are very much more conspicuous at a distance than mixtures of bright tints. For instance, a battery of field artillery whose carriages and caissons were decorated with strips of red, blue and yellow could be made out with difficulty at a thousand yards, while other batteries painted a uniform brown or drab were easily seen at great distances.

It would seem as if, on the same principle, a regiment of gayly dressed troops might be less easily visible than one wholly garbed in dull-colored khaki.—Success.

The phonograph is now as common in the rural districts as the cabinet organ used to be.

Catarrh

Whether it is of the nose, throat, stomach, bowels, or more delicate organs, catarrh is always debilitating and should never fail of attention.

It is a discharge from the mucous membrane kept in a state of inflammation by an impure, commonly scrofulous, condition of the blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures all forms of catarrh, radically and permanently—it removes the cause and overcomes all the effects. Get Hood's.

Roscoe Conkling's Big Fee.

It is said that one day when Roscoe Conkling was beginning to attain some measure of success he dropped into the office of Charles O'Conor, of New York, then one of the leaders of the bar.

"What's the trouble?" asked the attorney, as Conkling excitedly paced the floor.

"I've just been subjected to the worst insult I have ever received. This is the first time a client ever objected to my fee."

"You know I defended Gibbons for arson and put in some tremendous work for him. He was convicted at trial, but we couldn't help it, and I took the case to the Superior Court, and he lost there, then on to the Supreme Court, and that affirmed the conviction, and he has been given ten years. Now, my fee only amounted to \$3,000, and the scoundrel actually has the audacity to grumble about it, saying it's too high. What do you think of that for impudence?"

"Well," said O'Conor, slowly, "of course you did a lot of work, and \$3,000 is not a big fee, but to be frank with you, Mr. Conkling, my opinion, founded on mature consideration, is that he might have been convicted for less money."

Old Man's Secret.

Alpena, Mich., Sept. 5 (Special)—Seventy-five years of age but bold and hearty is Mr. Jerome K. Fournier of this place, and to those who ask the secret of his splendid health he gives the good advice "Use Dodd's Kidney Pills."

When asked for his reason for so strongly recommending the Great American Kidney Remedy, Mr. Fournier related the following experience:

"I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills because they cured me of Diabetes. I suffered with my kidneys for a long time and suffered terribly from those Urinary Troubles that are so general among aged people."

"Then I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills and eight boxes of them cured my kidneys, regulated my water and made me feel like a hearty young man."

Dodd's Kidney Pills make the old feel young because they make sound kidneys. Sound kidneys mean health and

TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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